Margit Tuning Scores, Seattle
Earlier Writings:

4/21/04

Hello all
So nice to read the many of you.

Today I was thinking about tuning (tuning my brain) re: the relationship between vocabulary and syntax. That the language gets established through the languaging, and the construction. This occurs through the present experience, as well as the context in which one practices the scores. I think the "pause question" was on my mind. I was working with pause a few months ago, so useful for learning people's sense of duration and story, a mover's sense of timing and its arc. It teaches about rhythm, speed. I was wondering about the sense of timing and rhythm between the making of the words and movement in the larger environment, or the grammar, and their relationship. Does grammar precede language in this work in any way, or do they form together in unison?

I thought about my first introduction to pause, in the summer of 1999. I, who had never heard it used in the context of tuning, was watching a group of tuners who I had never tuned with, in California. Pause was being used as I understood hold to be. I assumed it was an over-translation of video dials. We discussed it later. Something was clear how the difference in word said so much about the how tuning was being used, and the whole grammar of communication. Later, when I worked with some from that group in Minneapolis, it became clear the nuances of how each one of us interpret these scores. I hear it in your responses, and in mine. I can imagine you dancing from how you navigate your words.

Now, a few years later, I associate pause as a self-timed hold, from Lisa's suggestion and our work. One begins action again (plays) out of a stillness of one's own modulation. It makes me wonder, what is it that anyone does in the space of "stillness" ? And then, what is it that motivates someone to move, then?

This pause/hold distinction speaks so clearly to the intention of a particular score; what is it that you would like to isolate, clarify, or tune, in the context of a day's work? With the constants in a run, why say one and not the other? Larger picture of introducing.

margit

9/26/02

body tired mind in full capacity. what i mean to say is that it matches the wavelength of the computer, the one before which i sit. somtimes i have so many opinions and sometimes none at all. sometimes i am dancing and it is go and sometimes it is stay. and the funny thing is that the stay is go, must be. the stagnant state of stay, is it go? no, its stay! and then here i am in minn. and i could just stay. i could lve in the attic and dance with y'all and we could be called hijack plus ecwcp margit but then we'd have to call me ecwcmwp margit and it would get rather long. (oy vey)

thinking about the difference between a project and art. thinking about the crazy weird jam we went to tonight, that the energy went from the incredible focus space of a feldenkrais session and the heights of screaming and laughing and i am a nyena i am an ogre, a loudmouth, a little bug a lion. allofit.

tonight in tuning i was very engaged with the whole process with this phenomenon of working in tuning collectively without a teacher or the instigator of the form. all the potency of power and possibility and communication and confusion and the quickness with which ideas travel and the real measure of how long it takes to really understand a proposal, or a thought, or just the bud of an idea. we are all so sensitive. on the humanity kick, i just want to say that. we are all so sensitive. i am interested in how what we say is just a reflection of our view.
about

IS Tuning loaded, how is it so charged and why? and all the responses about the true democracy of the form ,and that it uncovers little rocks and perception and the acceptance that we have differnt views and they have value and we have a forum to talk about it. and not necessarily a form, beyond what we have done before (history) and then our own invention of it. i feel today the fact of art being a little part of history. if every moment being a little part of of history, as i spend luxurious moments, allbeit too short, looking at images in kvl's books of art and moments in art when something somewhere happened.

how things happen and effect a few people deeply, maybe not part of some larger social movement, maybe so, who cares, but that in the moment we are affected deeply. i was saying how seemless it felt to work in this way, with you wonderful people. the little moments of connection and beauty and grace that just pour out from time to time.

thinking about how our bodies actually are a temple and mine is one and this temple needs her beauty sleep to kick it in qigong in the morning

much love
margit

11/16/02

Day 3 Tuning In.
something tuned in. i think it was our weather report. i am amazed at the weight of trying to introduce and share the processes of tuning, like in feldenkrais, accepting that simplicity and quiet are enuff and have a necessary role in the ability to discern and get a method or structure. oh, how will i ever learn?

our structure: a circle getting a sense of where y'all were in interest,etc. things that came up that i remember (damn, my memory): emotionally-based material, rather than conceptual/spatial, wanting the time to let us all start to really see one another move, music as a form or a container, love of structure. a ten-ten-ten contemplative, into an open half hour dance. yum. we did a complex score, working off of themes from last week, and a desire on my part to fill the emotionality. it was interesting how it changed form:

solo-"hold"-enter-"begin" duet(called by viewer when ready)-"end."

this happened for a while. i remember being interested in setting up external durations. oy vey, so much. "report" quickly came in. then "pause" to deal with the amount of information and a desire to give timing back to the dancers from within the mini-runs. after a while it becaame clear how mucho mucho mucho it was, and jp spoke desire on embodiment. we went to single image. the clarity then, of the score single image, was then vitally needed. so soon my body i felt my body. i think it came from the simplicity of the score, eyes closed, and attuning to the other in simultaneity.

i keep on thinking of jill's suggestion to have sitting occur on the edges of the space in the first section of CDP. of course, it is hard for me to live with saying no, or sticking to an original idea. it strikes me as going against a flow. i wanted to work from the space we were in, with a small group, it seemed possible to not break, but when a suggestion is made, the break is already alluded. manifest physicality. this fits into the vast complexity of sharing material and essentially directing the course of some rehearsals.

How to honor the reality of the moment and get into dancing. To taper into it and yet work with a structure. what i like about the role of CDP is that it creates just enough structure to inform the dancing, it can be a beautiful setup. in the context of a larger dance setting. it can of course be its own structure and contains many parts and exercises and foci, but also has a role for warming. cdp is good. i liked the dance that came from there. we chose to dance somewhere around a half hour, and there ended up being a lot of opportunities for duets with depth and viewing, a sense of trioness felt strong for the first time, as if there is some evolving.

i am very interested in the issue of emotionality/sensation/perceptuality. when these lines cross, in the sense that a deep dance into sensation can access emotion. when we drop to a more primary level of functioning perhaps, and what occurs is a connection to a lower-ordered self. it goes then out of relam of these different categories and is just subjectivity. what is that? i think that is a life question. what it means to be tuned. what again, i want to pose, is a single action or unit and measurement of dancing? so much in the setting up. so much happens. and from that the desire for a begin call. somehow what happens in calling is a recognition of when you begin or stop seeing. to make a call as a gesture of recognition. Lke how last week we kept on forgetting to call begin. yesterday in dancing it became obvious to me that maybe it never began! so beautiiful that the beginnings are beginning to be called. maybe we are starting.

i would love to hear your voices. though not necessary, cause such good talking and dialogue is emerging in the time we set up.

7/13/01- (Tuning Outside, Co-facilitated with Sheri Cohen)

halo-
the first gathering of our tuning outside, and i have been wanting to record something of the experience, keeping on a tradition of sharing perception in virtual space.

please write too, a part of the dialogue, finding out what meant meaning.
if you were there or not there, no real separation.

please write back if you dont want to get email with tuning logs

do you want to be blind? (bcc)
does it hurt to be apart of a group
to be seen for all of the glitches, yeah i speak of myself.

outside. interesting word. implies there are two? in and out? hail to the many faces of the underside! what are the sides of the out? (a doorway to a car slammed shut? the ring of a cell phone, the rolling of a pants leg by the one, or the replay by the other) i wonder about the borders that would cause a definition. i expose my inside when i show you my solo. curled up around a mound of garbage cans. the round mounds for my belly to rest. it was such a funny inside outside space, those cans, cause my legs could pass through one into the other, just a minor scraping on the outside edge of my mound ass. the scrape a nerve feeling resonates on the outsideness feeling of my inside. the difference of sensing and nerves.
Nerve-ous.

the surprise i felt when my heel ended up in the third can and it bounced with the ceiling of the big square green basin, smelled sweet like old cola cans in hot plastic and it made this sound like halfway between bing and bong. not quite so ricochet as bing or massive as bong. tin-bong. it was a joy to feel the flattening of my heel with each bi/ong.

people talked about what emerged as interesting working outside. i remember the way light effected someone's timing. that entering into the tree grove was another story-world. talk of the huge range of proximity and FFFAAAAAAAARRRRRR. how to hear one another in such a vast space such as "outside?" the reality of not having the 4 walls, of shyness.

i remember seeing people hanging out on the field, and wondering if they were participating and tuned. the woman who kept on sitting on her picnic table and getting up to stare out across into the amphitheater. the shadow of someone with his dog moving so oddly in unison with an edge of john in the corner of my eye so small but the feeling was there. joan's hand raises in a black power fist and in my mind all of our faces whip to the new other side of the wimbledon stage and there are these two starting their "practice," not the warm-up they had been doing before but a full on graceful twist facing one another, arms swinging with consciousness. did i dance WITH anyone? communicating in

dialogue where my side of the story goes: "it's dark in here, could i feel you even when i start with the 'no' of My boundary sadness?" we shared the dance of lonely, spacious, somehow connected.

sharing facilitating with sheri. i found myself constantly interested in lassoing. how to remain with some sense of one another in such an infinity. I wanted to introduce only a few calls. keep it simple. the difference between complex and complicated. wanting these calls, when said, to be heard. loving the telescopic shift of vast field to covered grove. oh did i speak too much? working with both "hold" and then later in the grove "replace" not having a linkage call (like play or continue) so we could see people's timing. really wanting to see people's beginnings again, loved to guess why oh why they start up. I wonder, in such a stimulating environment such as outside, is it "internal" or the reminder of our mind's manifestation: "outside"? which causes a shift for the activity of "hold" into whatever one chooses to play.

am i outside as i write here in my home imagining so carefully the feel of that memory? the atmosphere feels both in and out, but not really either.

enuff for now. thanks for skimming, reading perusing, scanning however you do it, it communicates through its action

margit

7/15/01 - Tuning Outside

Friday night at our second tuning. Enter the park, already warm from a glow of togetherness. The visibility of the moon after a floating Rainier. In its hot pink gaze, john points out the cloud's road. An arrow of atemporal time traces.

We are moving and though begin was never called, it's clear our exporation is en-tuning. More enter.

Something passes through me, wave of alienation or despair. I walk towards the sign, the same brilliant orange of the borrowed sweater on my back. "hold" had been called then and another time later when i see the y emblazened on the sidewalk, and the p in a circle somehow glowing in the grass. but for now its orange and the hold serves to hold me into the attention of the sign. I continue. I am melting into the sign. The cement softness. Then "replace," the call that lets me finally feel the silence of

this inanimate friend. I embody its heaviness. Leaned at an angle. It has no eyes, no i's. Me, I don't know either these days. I can hide in its un-ness.

Angelina travels by with a trumpet. Towards the water. Something in the noise or the presence of her, or her passage from my right to left. it gave me an orientation and i felt human again. With all the baggage of needs and desires that the signpost seems to never know. No thought or sense of trying/effort. My body involuntarily arches into an extension from my chest, my grasping habit. somehow that knowing of such an act of wanting-to-know grasping heads me straight to the earth in tears. Desparation of It All. Its brother, RETREAT-INTO-Self. I am scared to ask for what I really want. It changes and changes even before I named it.

We continue to attune ourselves, as the glow of the sun sets.

Last night

A return to tuning

We have seemed to slip into some other scores of late, even more so relying on our environments and the growing nature of this group and its minds and mind, then there we were, tuning : the interest in unifying? What is it about tuning that makes us choose it at certain times? I wonder about that. I wonder about a bunch of things in relation to tuning. "Tuning" and then its superset "tuning." The act of participating in a score, and the other a generalized process of connecting into the whole of others in the activity of dance/moving. I wonder about this distinction though: Are we "Tuning" if we're not tuning? but the idea of the gerund, the "-ing" implies the power of the process of moving towards the latter. Is there a way that you can participate in the score fully, but not be in tune? Are those separations just arbitrary, the separations of the mind? Is my interest in this just a mirror/feedback of what was happening for me? I can read into others that which is brewing in my own set of questions, my reading just feedback about my own constructions.

I wonder about the possibility of simultaneous scores, even in the context of one. We make calls, we use our creationing of a language, yet still we are all operating in our own organization of composition, timing, sharing moving space. No need to OBSESS over the differences between us, like a spell, we name these and they can expand in the potential of space. Name it and it grows (interpretations, physicality).

With the overstimulation of a room with hundreds and a cuban jazz band and people's tuxes and the vibe of museum, of interactive technology, creating identity systems, we are in the space of the Larsen party. I am reminded of the co-brew we did that first SIL2K nite down in the dark gutter of the dance floor. What is the role of tuning score in the context of sooooo much movement/hipness/sonic insanity/drinks? We in orange, the amalgamation, post-tuning: bodyc meets tuning. Our identity logic has been constructed throughout this month, and I can also feel the history of the work Olive and Otto have been doing over the past year plus, so there we are, plopped behind the hanging glass bottles, a beautiful relic from a performance by ralph lemon and his visual collaborator: I forget his name.

We intend to travel between certain rooms. We took our own tour earlier, trying to scope out the possibility, without a sense, I had no sense of the differences the filling of the space with bodies and jazz bands would be. Knowing we are intending to travel, we choose to work mainly with the calls "store," "restore," "resituate" "hold "continue," and one we made ourselves, called "string," which means at the start: leave one by one, trailing one another, enough so in view of the person in front, and then resituating in roughly the same formation in the next location. A co-"direction" amidst the other calls, inserting a structural choice amidst the other calls. We wanted and ending that wouldn't call end, that might potentially invite people to travel with us, pied piper style. The discussion leading up to this particular decision was a great deal of negotiating artistically, from a picnic bench in front of otto's house the afternoon before, and then finally right before we got on, it got named, "string."

How do we work with such a specific calls amidst the others? I wonder what sorts of personal interpretations occur, as so many of the traverses were intercepted by interactions with people, bands, eye contact, brief interludes. I personally forgot for several runs the aspect of string being a resituate in the same formation, so I was totally influenced by the next spot, til I got hip to my memory, lagging behind.
We did a circuit of sorts, seeming to really choose the spaces that were less occupied.

The performance made me think about a whole bunch of things. Primarily about the odd role of being free performers at an event that costs thousands of dollars, which I could live of for mmmmaaaaaannnyy years. About the public spaces that people gravitate to, about the spaces people gravitate to in a museum whose function has changed for the evening, about socially constructed comfort zones: near food, near music, not by steps, not on steps, not where the space is too open, not right next to the band. How we as a group gravitated to them for places to move in. though we danced some within the crowd, there was an attraction to some kinds of openings.

So fun to “string” as a viewer for a moment when I was eating hors d’oeoeovres (?) trying to reenact for myself the sensation of eating while seeing a particular image when the view before me had changed so drastically from orange cubist motion bodies in white frames sculpture, to an overlook with a rail, and some funny yellow sculpture which oddly looked like a mickey mouse head abstracted to the point of terror, chained to the floor. Rolling down stairs in lines, lying down stairs in groups, underscoring the geometric horizontality. The diagonal of space, the jutted edges of the stairs gently scraping my back with each rotation. A moment of real dance movement with Otto in the frame of people semi-circled by the stairs, a capoeira roda. I felt the resonance from the afternoon in this evening, glitz. Guiding a woman to walk tdown the stairs who took the performance with beautiful grace- she walked slowly, all the attention on her, jiggling jig, as it turned out she’s a dancer.

8/31/2000

LOG FROM THE SKY IN SUN COUNTRY
Eat Dance Move Words – karen’s contact class:
There was something in a moment with Bonnie. The class of Karen’s where she and I were dancing in a duet and the calls emerged from Karen. I think they were “reverse,” “hold,” “continue,” “enter” and “exit.” Something like that. Was it chance? The moment when enter was called, we, both listening, or hesitant, in synchronistic view, chose that moment to look one another in the eye. It’s truly a miracle when eyes meet. And a miracle even more that somehow this exchange became assigned to the call “enter,” like an unspoken fixed call. Enter: we look at one another. Now I am remembering that in a discussion, maybe at the end of that day or another, Karen said she was calling enter then in a desire to get the duets back into contact dancing embedded in the tunes. So funny to reflect and realize that Bonnie and I read the desire and engaged in eye contact. It was as if through seeing one another the frame enveloped us in the momentwhere each of us was wondering who (subjunctive) would go in, subliminally subterfuging our own intention and participating in the caller’s. Good to notice such a clear example of the surprise in a confluence of hesitation and collaboration.

8/31/2000
Thursday Tuning GCS

Yesterday at Tuning it was such a meaty one. Is that cause I craved it or I just felt something that's always there? Warmth. One of those days when my desire to inhabit the structure (do the single image or solo replay score, make calls) was huge, and yet in the end I saw how deeply we already are. Connection through touch dance. As a premonition of sorts, the warm-up as divination, it sets the stage: so much in an intention of purist I decided to fully engage in the focused work of warming up a particular sense (touch). Establish it enuff as primary so as the other senses came to the foreground emergent in their own time, the sensation of touch could mediate my experience. Lying on my own at first. Then in contact with Allia. Later, a replace, my enter. I find myself then in proximity to Karen, she who is the warmer upper, later arriver. I had observed she seemed to be working visibly with the previous calls, my cue to be brave and replace her, in the hopes that she, steadfast in her warming, would remain. So recently se was the blue leg of yak by a never ending stoked flame, and here human form, getting warm. Julie and Johnso deep in their own. I want to know Allia's moving in this section. As an outsider to her perception I thought maybe she was viewing from the inside of the space. The drumstick gets passed amongst the members of the group, like the flame of a fire, or the bone in a Tibetan village circle. As it changes hands, the sonic rhythm changes form and quality rather than in heat or light- if these separations exist in more than my mind.

But back Touch, so fully the score, this listening touch. Fechner-Weber Principle comes to mind, where the amount you can sense is actually a fixed percentage set of relations. So with the sensation of feeling mass it's 1/40. If you have Chicken in the palm of your hand which weighs 40 oz. You couldn't feel the fur hat someone put on its head unless it weighed more than 1 oz. But if the hat were three oz., then the ratio would swing in the direction of perceptible sensing. Here on the plane heading to Minneapolis, for example, I can't hear the quiet noises, of my seat mate as his neck rubs against his chartreuse collared shirt. I forget the ration for sound. The clamour of breaking through the clouds and winds at a speed faster than I pat attention to overrides the possibility for the subtle hearing. Our sensation gets muted by external stimulae, in that way. So in room Grand Central Studio, where the Thursday evening Pioneer Square madness has yet to begin, and the sunlight is fading, the world is the touch. I can feel it- somehow my usual interference has escaped for this one moment in dance.